

Revenge

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Summary: One wizard had destroyed Ginny Weasley's world. She would do whatever it took to get her revenge.

Revenge

_**AN: Hello, guys. I'm back again. I hope you like it.
~Artemis**_

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><p>"Revenge is sweet and not fattening." - Alfred Hitchcock

I was scared the first time Tom took me down into the chamber. He chided me, telling me that it was silly to be afraid. He was with me.

Throughout my first year, Tom always told me that I would be safe as long as he was with me. He promised me protection as long as I was loyal to him. As a first year, I thought that he had just meant with my friendship, which is why I told him all of my secrets. He told me that you could never betray someone that knew everything about you.

And he knew everything about me. He knew more about me than my mother, my father, any one of my brothersâ€¦ He knew my every feeling and taught me how to shield myself from the ones that hurt me. My family could not and would not ever be able to give me the attention that Tom did. Not when I was the youngest of seven. My brothers were always more concerned about themselves anyway.

That night in the chamber, that last time I was there, I was ready to give my life to Tom. He was the only one that wanted me. He was the only one that listened to me. He was the only one that protected me.

As I lay dying on the floor, he finally told me his secretâ€”who he was. It didn't matter. He was still the one and I told him that.

For the first time ever, Tom smiled. He actually smiled. Then, he told me that he rewarded his loyal followers. He held my hand as my vision blurred because I asked him to. For a brief moment as I slipped out of consciousness, I thought I saw regret.

I never expected to wake up.

I had been saved by Harry Potter. It was a joyous moment for my family and they claimed their undying love for a boy that wasn't even theirs. They showed more love to the hero than their daughter, the same daughter that had been more or less neglected by her family an entire year.

They all thought that when I withdrew that it was because of the way Tom had treated me. They thought that I was ashamed of what I had done while "possessed by Voldemort." And they never cared to ask me how I felt.

For the next few months, much to my annoyance, I was coddled. It was nice that they were finally noticing Ginny, but it was as if they were looking down on me. Once school started back up, though, things went right back to how they were.

The next two years, I did my best to fit in. It was hard to adjust without Tom. Every moment that I spent alone, I thought of the boy that had protected me, listened to me, knew me. Eventually, the pain had begun to fade, but the hole was still there. The emptiness ate at me and when I thought I could take no more, Harry Potter came out of the maze with a dead Cedric Diggory in his arms, howling about how "He's back."

In that moment, I felt lighter. I knew that he would not be my Tom, but he could cause Potter some of the pain that he had caused me. He would take away from Potter the way he had taken from me. While everyone else began to panic, I fell into a state of calm. I could tell that those around me had thought I had frozen up in fear or gone into shock.

It was Harry Potter's fault that Tom was gone. It was his fault that the only individual that treated me as if I were someone important had his life ended. Truly, there is no such concept of good and evil. How can one murdered be shamed while another is praised? How can someone break rules and laws time and time again without consequence, yet someone who does nothing inherently wrong is placed under scrutiny for a first offence? Favoritism is a form of power, and it is a power that has been abused far too much by Potter.

No longer would I be little Ginny Weasley. From this point on, I would be strong, confident Ginevra. I would do what was necessary to gain my own power and maybe one day, I would be strong enough to be an asset to the new Tom. And perhaps I could be rewarded with the death of Harry Potter.

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